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# Immortality

by  
Joseph Jefferson





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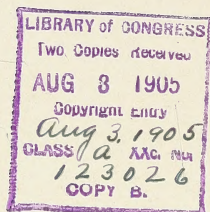


# IMMORTALITY

By  
Joseph Jefferson

Decorated  
by  
Henry Holcomb Bennett

THE SAALFIELD  
PUBLISHING COMPANY  
New York Chicago  
Akron, Ohio



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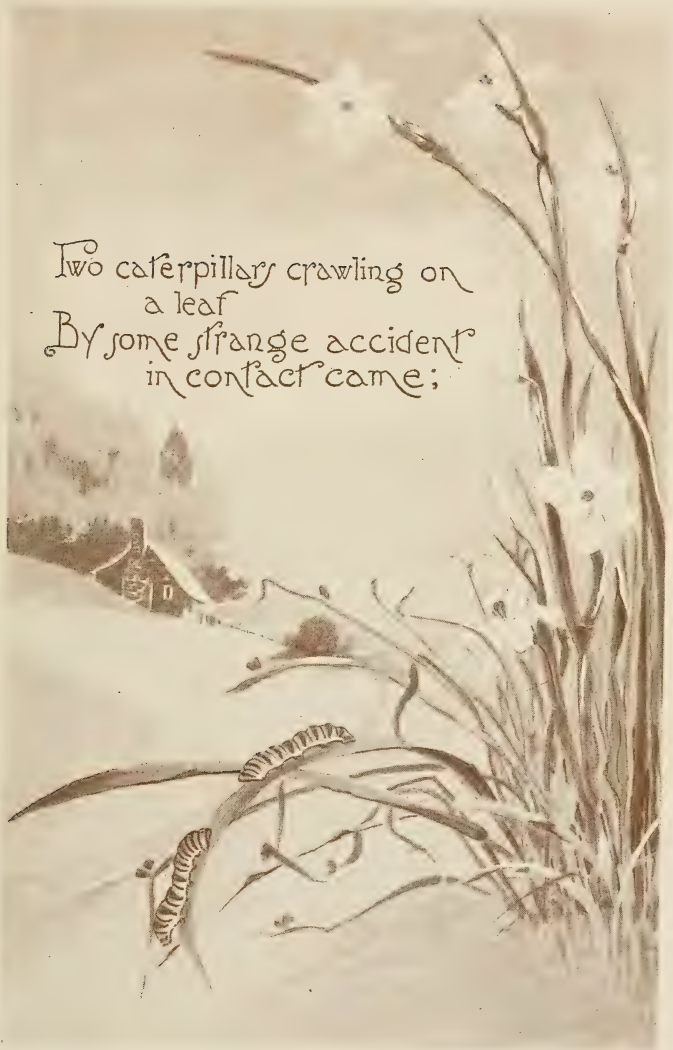
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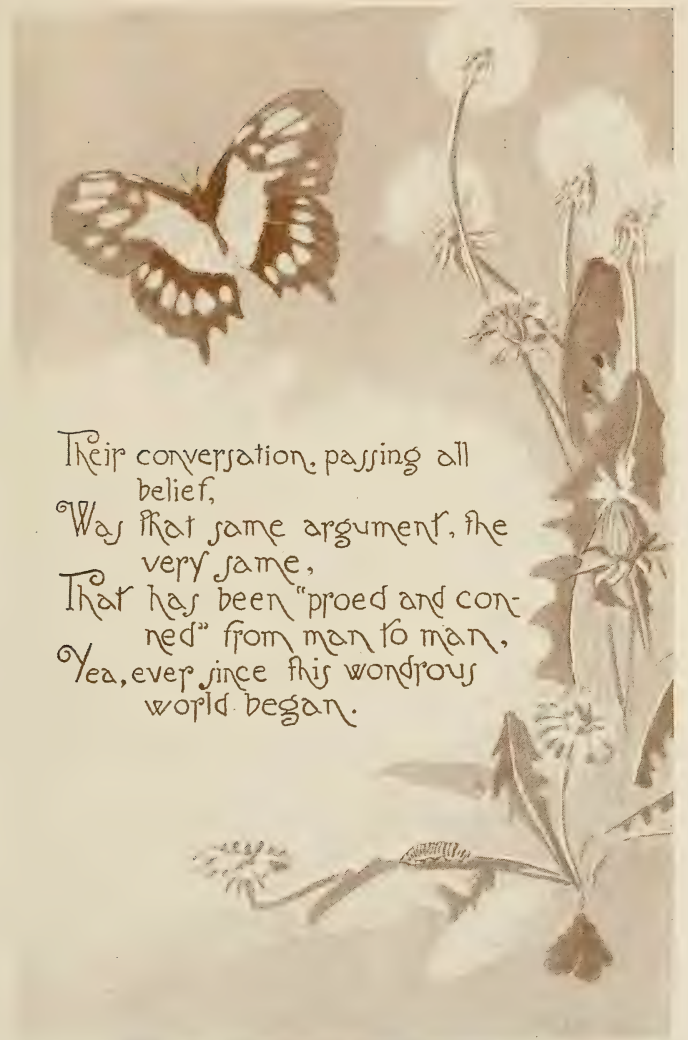
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Two caterpillars crawling on  
a leaf  
By some strange accident  
in contact came;



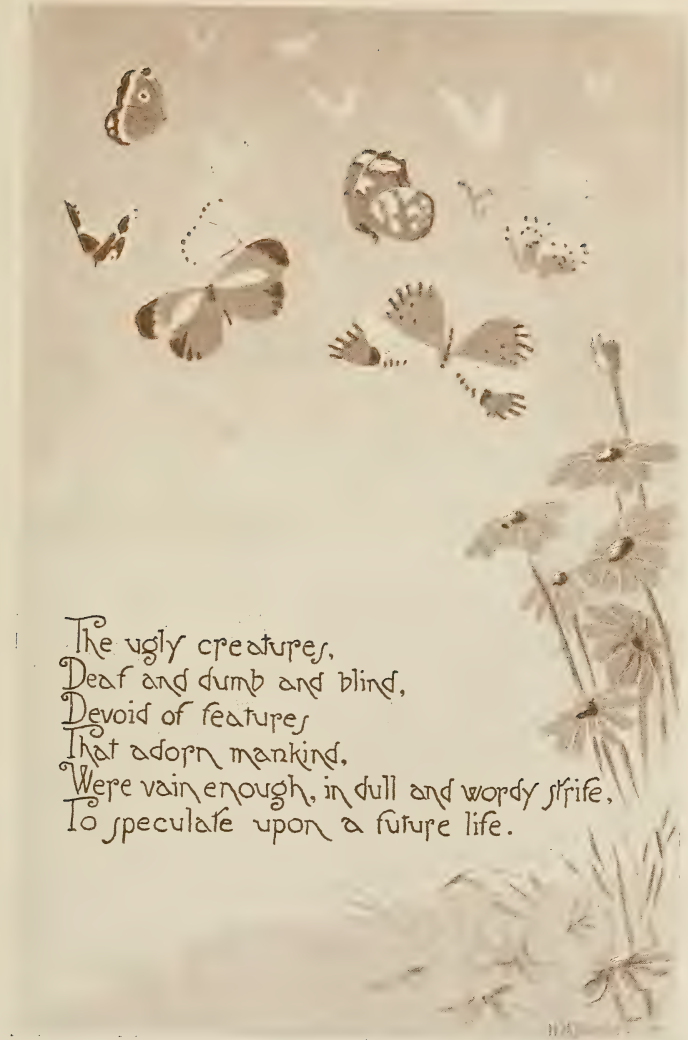




Their conversation, passing all  
belief,  
Was that same argument, the  
very same,  
That has been "proved and con-  
ned" from man to man,  
Yea, ever since this wondrous  
world began.







The ugly creatures,  
Deaf and dumb and blind,  
Devoid of features  
That adorn mankind,  
Were vain enough, in dull and wordy strife,  
To speculate upon a future life.

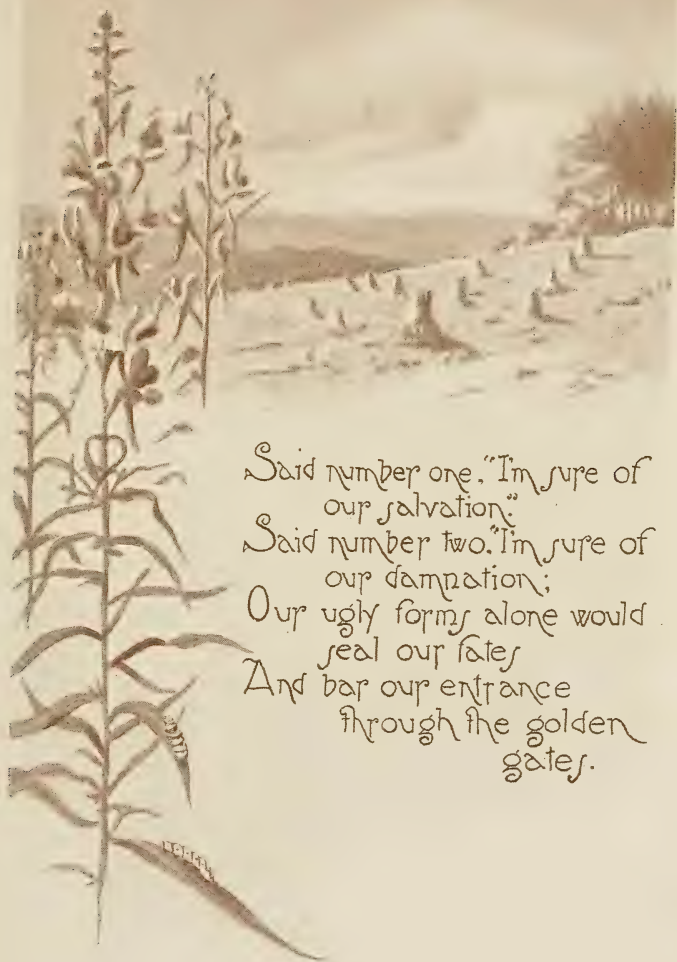




The first was optimistic,  
full of hope;  
The second, quite dys-  
peptic, seemed to  
mope.







Said number one, "I'm sure of  
our salvation."

Said number two, "I'm sure of  
our damnation;

Our ugly forms alone would  
seal our fates

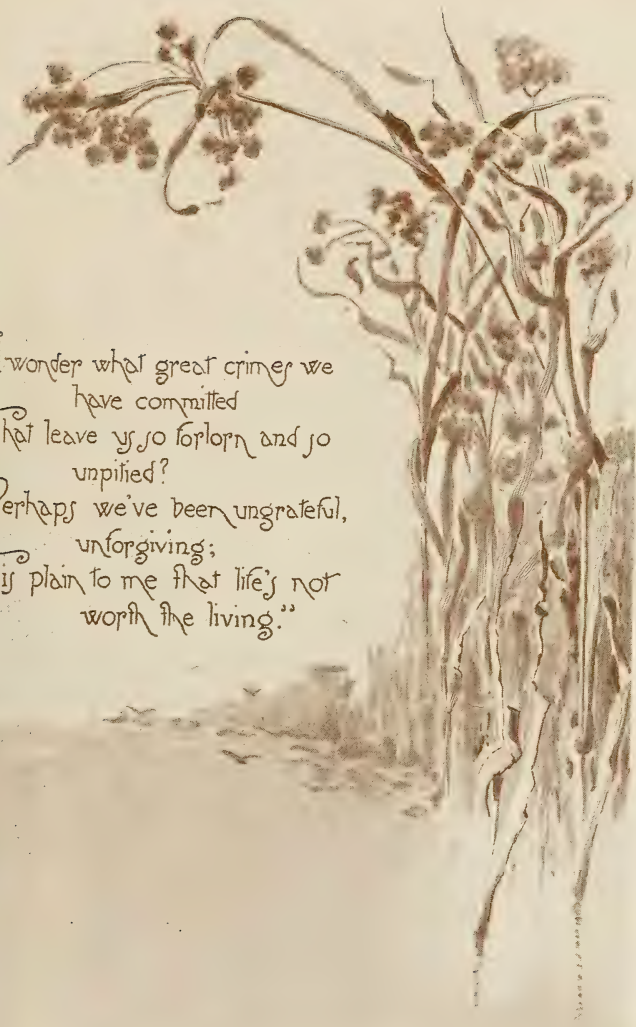
And bar our entrance  
through the golden  
gates.





"Suppose that death should take us un-  
aware,  
How could we climb the golden  
stairs?  
If maidens shun us as they pass us  
by  
Would angels bid us welcome in the  
sky?"

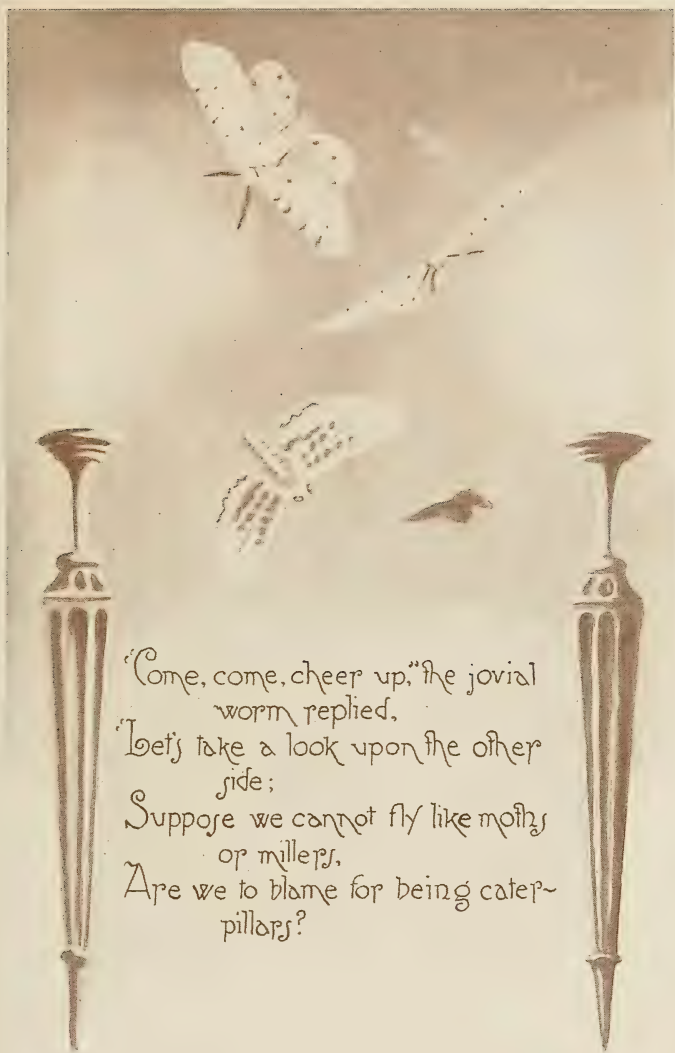




"I wonder what great crimes we  
have committed  
That leave us so forlorn and so  
unpityed?  
Perhaps we've been ungrateful,  
unforgiving;  
'Tis plain to me that life's not  
worth the living."







"Come, come, cheer up," the jovial  
worm replied,  
"Let's take a look upon the other  
side;  
Suppose we cannot fly like moths  
or millers,  
Are we to blame for being cater-  
pillars?"






Will that same God  
that doomed us  
crawl the earth.  
A prey to every bird that's given  
birth.  
Forgive our captor as he eats  
and sings  
And damn poor us because we  
have not wings?







If we can't skim the air like owl  
or bat,  
A worm will turn for a' that."





They argued through the summer;  
autumn nigh,  
The ugly things composed themselves  
to die;

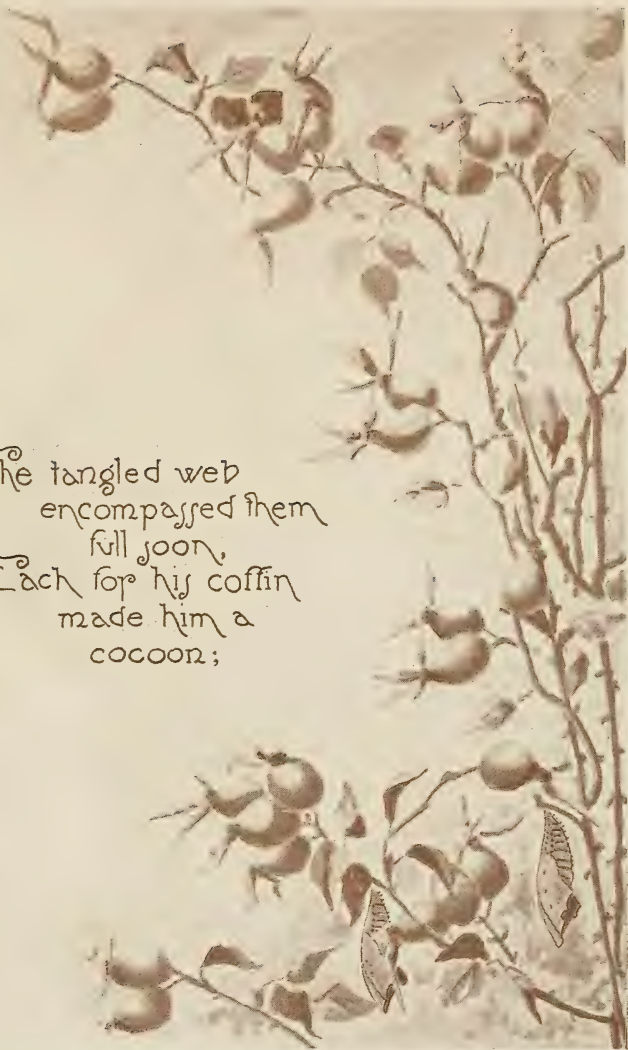




And so, to make their  
funeral quite com-  
plete,  
Each wrapped him in  
his little winding  
sheet.



The tangled web  
encompassed them  
full soon,  
Each for his coffin  
made him a  
cocoon;



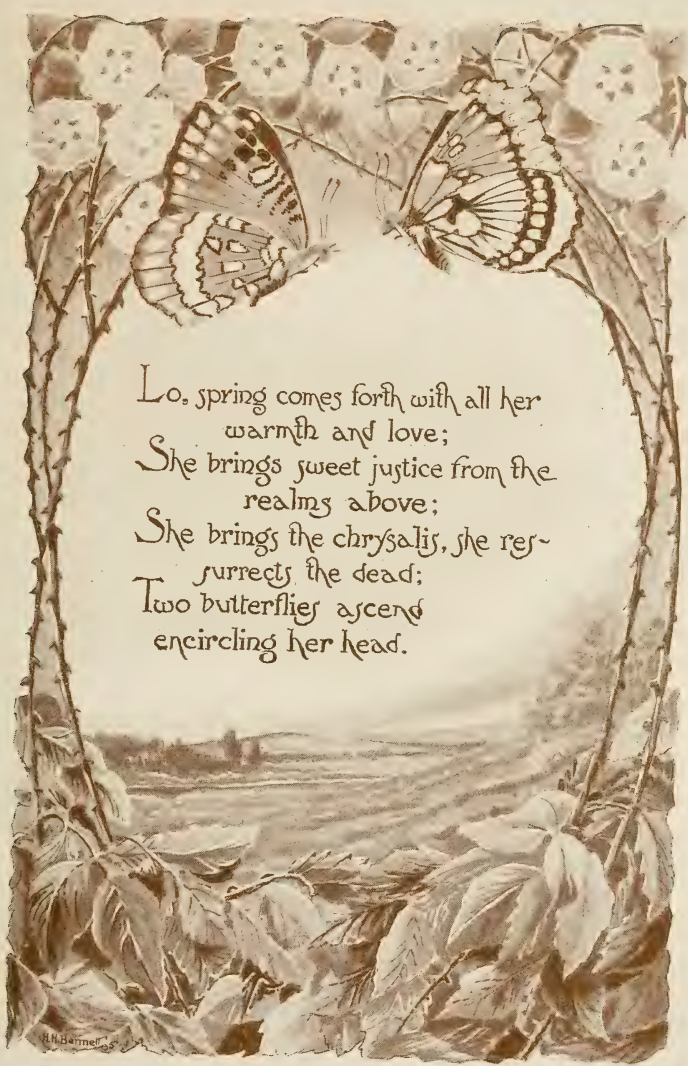







All through the winter's chilling blast  
    they lay,  
Dead to the world, yea, dead as human  
    clay.





Lo, spring comes forth with all her  
warmth and love;  
She brings sweet justice from the  
realms above;  
She brings the chrysalis, she res-  
urrects the dead;  
Two butterflies ascend  
encircling her head.





And so this emblem shall  
forever be  
A sign of immortality.





















AUG 3 1905



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